



3 1761 04261 2804

Anderson, Clara Rothwell
Marrying Anne?

PS
8501
N442
M3



PLAY
HUMOROUS—REFINED
—FOR—

Ladies' Aids, Young People's Societies and Women's
Associations, C.G.I.T. Groups, Bible Classes, Choirs,
W.C.T.U., Etc.

Marrying Anne?

—BY—

CLARA ROTHWELL ANDERSON

255 MacKay St., Ottawa

—AUTHOR OF—

“Wanted—A Wife.”

“The Joggsville Convention.”

“Martha Made Over.”

“The Young Country Schoolma-am.”

“Aunt Susan’s Visit.”

“The Young Village Doctor.”

“The Minister’s Bride.”

“Aunt Mary’s Family Album.”

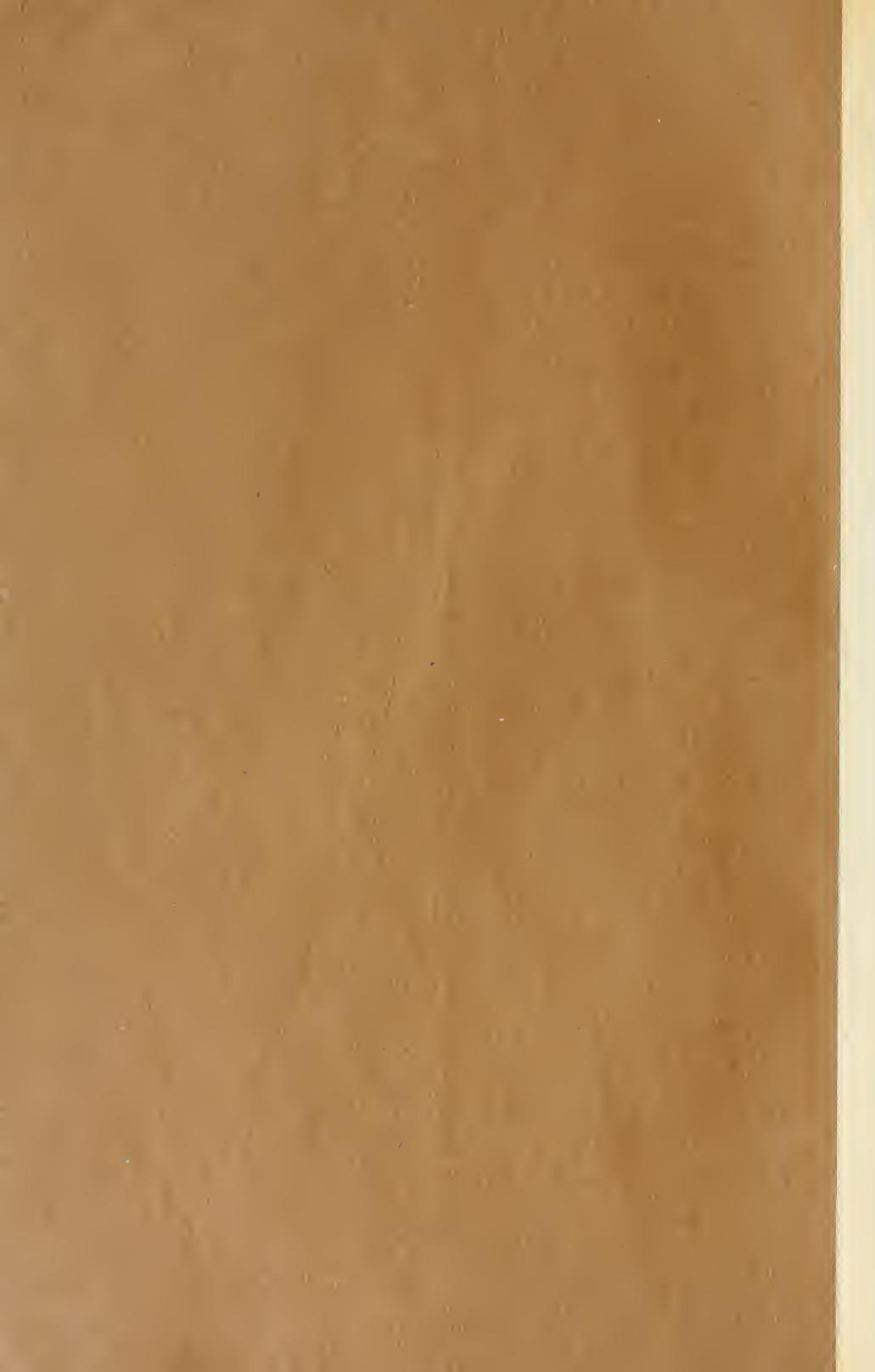
“A Ladies’ Aid Business Meeting at Mohawk Crossroads.”

THE PRESENTATION OF ANY OF THESE COPYRIGHTED
PLAYS WITHOUT PAYMENT OF ROYALTY IS AGAINST
THE LAW.

“Cleared about \$190.00 on ‘Wanted—A Wife.’ Great success. Hope to produce another of your Plays soon.”—FORD,
ONT.

“Presenting ‘Wanted—A Wife.’ Lots of fun at rehearsals. Let us know when you have another one.”—MONTREAL, Que.

“Our Ladies’ Aid will always recommend your Plays, which are cleverly written and have such a good moral.”—MARGARET,
Man.



PLAY

HUMOROUS

REFINED

for

Ladies' Aids, Young People's Societies and Women's
Associations, C.G.I.T Groups, Bible Classes,
Choirs, W.C.T.U., Etc.



Marrying Anne?

—by—

CLARA ROTHWELL ANDERSON

255 MacKay St., Ottawa

AUTHOR OF

“Wanted—A Wife.”

“The Joggsville Convention.”

“Martha Made Over.”

“Aunt Susan’s Visit.”

“The Young Village Doctor.”

“The Minister’s Bride.”

“Aunt Mary’s Family Album.”

“A Ladies’ Aid Business Meeting at Mohawk Crossroads.”

NON-TRANSFERABLE

These highly uplifting and amusing plays are providing helpful entertainment throughout the Canadian Churches.

—United Church Paper.

Copyrighted according to Act of Parliament.

PS
8501
11442
M 3



TERMS

PLEASE READ CAREFULLY.

ACTING RIGHTS.

The terms for producing Plays by Clara Rothwell Anderson are as follows:—

\$5.00 Royalty covers cost of one copy and gives permission to present Play in connection with **your own Church only**. When repeated in another place, the same amount requires to be remitted. No extra cost for repeating in the same pastoral charge. Payment can be made after presentation, if agreement made to that effect: this agreement to be considered as binding. **Extra books can be purchased, if desired, for 35c each.** Make all cheques payable at par at Ottawa.

* * *

When requested, two Plays will be sent on approval **for not more than ten days**, on receipt of 10c to cover cost of mailing. If copy sent on approval has become soiled, please send 35 cents to pay for same.

* * *

When these copyrighted Plays are advertised in any way be careful not to omit name of author in full.

* * *

For press notices and particulars of Plays, apply,

CLARA ROTHWELL ANDERSON,

255 MacKAY ST., OTTAWA, CAN.

Rosie—“Father, I implore you. Don’t keep me in suspense. This is taxing on my nerves—ever since my operation.”—(Doctor hands fan.)

Mr. Oldays—“Yes, yes—don’t go into it. Save your nerves for the job we’ve got to tackle. Where’s that letter gone?”

Rosie—“You had it, father—is it?”

Mr. Oldays—“Had it—of course I had it. Who ever said I hadn’t?”—(All look)—Doctor picks it up from under table.)

Doctor—“Is this it, sir?”

Mr. Oldays—“Of course it is. How in the name of common sense did it get there? There’s no holding on to anything in this house.”

Rosie—“Not even your temper, father, dear.”

Mr. Oldays (opening letter)—“Eh!—what? Now listen to this for a piece of modern up-to-date impertinence. Keep quiet now Rosalind. Don’t get excited.”

Rosie—“I’ll try, father—just wait—my salts.”

Doctor—“Here they are. Miss Oldays—inhale gently.”

Rosie—“Oh, thank you, Doctor—you are so—so understanding.”

Mr. Oldays—“Can’t you two keep quiet long enough for me to read this notice that has been served upon me. Listen, this was written on Feb. 18th—this is—where’s that calendar? —gone to be sure.”

Rosie—Do go on, father—the strain.”

Doctor—“This is the 26th, sir.”

Mr. Oldays—“The 26th—so much the worse. Now listen. Ah—“Mr. John Oldays.

Dear Sir :—

You will have received word sent at an earlier date informing you of the fact that you have been appointed sole guardian to Anne Elizabeth Burns and will be required to hold her fortune (with the exception of a stated allowance) in trust for her until such time as she reaches a marriageable age.”

Rosie (goes limp)—“A clinging, helpless young girl to shelter and protect.”

Doctor—“Must have had faith in you, Mr. Oldays. Quite a compliment.”

Mr. Oldays—"Compliment nothing. Marriageable age—marriageable age. How in the name of common sense am I to know when she reaches a marriageable age?"

Doctor—"It does seem rather an unusual setting."

Rosie—"Supposing—supposing she never reaches a—a marriageable age—or—or when she does perhaps—"

Mr. Oldays—"Suppose nothing. She'll reach it—and in short order too—and there won't be any perhaps either. With a fortune at her back to help her get away at a good start, she shouldn't have any trouble, eh, Doctor?"

Doctor—"Sounds good, sir—but I'm not an authority."

Mr. Oldays—"Well you should be."

Rosie—"Don't be so—so practical and unsentimental, father. You talk of marrying the poor child off as if—as if it was a business deal. You know every sweet, trusting young maiden looks forward to romance."

Mr. Oldays—"Romance—stuff and nonsense. Well she can't have it. My will is law in this household."

Rosie—(Sighs)—"Yes, father."

Mr. Oldays—"If she is to be my ward—she'll be directed by me and when she reaches the marriageable age, whenever that is, I'll choose some decent chap for her and hand her over—money bags and all."

Rosie—"But, father—her heart."

Mr. Oldays—"Heart nothing."

Doctor—"Might I inquire who the young lady in question is, sir?"

Mr. Oldays—"Who she is? Well, she's my step-granddaughter. What do you make of that? No blood relationship—not a drop. My eldest son, George, married old Banks the steel king's widowed daughter, she had one delicate youngster—her first husband's. George—George didn't come back from the war. Old Banks died and then George's wife followed. So here I am—next of kin, with this sickly female that no man will take a chance on—wished on me."

Doctor—"Well—that's interesting—quite unusual."

Rosie—"Well, we won't worry about it, father. Dr. McCallum will give her a tonic to build her up—he is so clever. Why I had only taken one bottle when—"

Mr. Oldays—“Yes, yes—carry on the good work—swallow a whole crate if it will stiffen your backbone, Rosalind.”

Rosie—“Father, you don’t understand—you never had nerves.”

Mr. Oldays—“Well, I’m on a fair way now to have them. Just take a look at this letter, Dr.”

Rosie—(braces up)—“Well, I have decided we will do our duty by her and train her up in the quiet, modest ways of gentlefolk. Being delicate, I fear her education may have suffered but I will teach her the rudiments of music and fine needle work myself.”

Doctor—“She will have a kind, considerate teacher, Miss Rosie.”
(she wipes her eyes)—(enter housekeeper.)

Rosie—“Mrs. Chubb, we are having a—a young lady coming to stay with us.”

Mrs. Chubb—“For how long, ma’am?”

Mr. Oldays—“Forever—until she is married.”

Mrs. Chubb—“I should have been consulted about this.”

Rosie—“Oh, please, Mrs. Chubb, don’t mind, but lay open the spare bed in the guest chamber and place hot water bottles between the blankets and—”

Mrs. Chubb—(going out, speaks crossly)—“I don’t like changes in my household plans.”

Rosie—“Please don’t be cross, Mrs. Chubb, my nerves are all tingling.”

Mr. Oldays—“I can’t see why I should have this burden thrust on me at my time of life—I’ve had enough trouble.”

Doctor—“Perhaps the little girl may prove good company, sir.”

Rosie—“I’ll do my best, father, to teach her quiet ladylike ways. Poor George loved her.”

Mr. Oldays—“I don’t mind tackling a job I understand—but a girl. Who understands a girl?”

Doctor—“Well, if there’s any way I can help you—not that I presume to understand a girl, I will be glad to help out.”

Mr. Oldays—“Eh! What’s that—(smiles)—thanks for the suggestion. I’ll remember that. I may give you the opportunity later on.”

Rosie—“Father, don’t.”

Doctor—(confused, jumps up)—“I—I hope, sir, you don’t think I’m looking for—”

Mr. Oldays—“Looking for a wife. Well if you’re not you ought to be. A man that can’t keep a roof over a woman’s head is not worth his salt—and if you get some cash thrown in so much the better.”

Doctor—“Time enough, Mr. Oldays.”

Rosie—“But you must have love and romance too, father, dear.”

Mr. Oldays—“Well, what’s to hinder?”

Doctor—“Supposing I settled my mind on—on one and she turned me down.”

Mr. Oldays—“Suppose nothing. She’d think herself mighty lucky to get you—(Dr. laughs and slaps his knee)—if—if my son hadn’t brought disgrace on—”—(puts his head in hands.)

Rosie—(cries)—“Don’t, father—I—can’t stand—”

Doctor—(stands up)—“Mr. Oldays—at the risk of losing our friendship—I want to say this again—I believe that no matter what the charge is, that your son Robert Oldays is all white.”

Mr. Oldays—(jumps up excited)—“I did not ask you for your verdict, sir. I have conclusive evidence—my son—”

Rosie—“Oh, father, father, don’t”—(gets weak spell. Dr. brings water.)

Mr. Oldays—(cools down)—“These weak collapsible women make me tired. Now I’m in for a double dose.”

Doctor—“Well, let’s look on the bright side. When is the little girl to arrive? As I said before, if I can be of any service.”

Mr. Oldays—“You’ll see service before you are through—or I’ll lose my guess.”

Rosie—“You are so kind Doctor. I wonder—could you meet the train and bring the child in safety to the shelter of her grandfather’s roof?”

Mr. Oldays—“Guess you’d better fetch her. We’ve got to get our shoulder under this job, but I’d rather go over the top any day than tackle it.”

Rosie—(gets up and starts to tidy up and fuss)—“Do go quickly, Doctor. Just think if that frail, tenderly nurtured child should arrive and no protecting arm be stretched out to her.”

Doctor—“Well I'll be glad to put my arm at her disposal if I can help out.”—(gets hat and coat. Great noise and confusion.)

Mr. Oldays—(jumps up annoyed)—“What's the meaning of all the noise and confusion in my house?”—(enter Mrs. Chubb excited.)

Mrs. Chubb—“There's a bold, brazen young woman dressed most disgraceful and outlandish, who wants to see you.”

Rosie—“Ask her to come another time—we are expecting company.”

Mr. Oldays—“No, tell her to come in, but cut her business short. I'm in no glad hand mood.”—(Enter Anne carrying skis, red and wind blown, healthy, happy, unafraid, dressed in breeks or slacks, woollen shirt or windbreak, red cap—stands for a minute looking round. Dr. comes back from hall. Mr. Oldays rises.)

Rosie—(screams, covers face, then cries)—“Oh! What do I see? Oh! can my eyes deceive me? Can't be possible—no—no—skirt—(hides her face. Calls)—Mrs. Chubb—a skirt, quick.”

Mr. Oldays—(Sternly)—“What is the meaning of this? Who are you?”

Anne—“What's all the excitement.”—(Dr. comes forward. Anne sweetly)—“Would you—by any manner of means happen to be my step-grandfather?”

Doctor—(laughs)—“I'm sorry I can't qualify for that honor. It would give me great pleasure—I can substitute however.”

Anne—“Sorry, but substitutes are never really satisfactory.”

Mr. Oldays—(shouts)—“Who are you? What's your name, young woman—if you are a young woman and what's your business?”

Rosie—“Oh, dear, there's some dreadful mistake.”—(Anne puts up skis and advances sweet-mannered and cheerful.)

Anne—“My name is Anne Elizabeth Burns and incidentally I might remark that my hearing is perfect. I take it you are my new step-grandfather. You really do look much newer than I had expected. I'm so glad. I was afraid you might look quite old and shopworn, but really you don't step-grandfather.”

Mr. Oldays—(mollified)—“Well, you show good judgment, young woman, anyway.”

Anne—“Who is the sweet daguerrotype lady that my presence has moved to tears?”

Mr. Oldays—“This is my daughter, Rosalind.”

Anne—“My prophetic soul—my really own step-aunt.”—(Goes over to her)—“Have you no welcome for me, Aunt Rosalind. We aren’t very nearly related—but you are the nearest real aunt I’m ever likely to own.”—(Aunt embraces her.)

Rosie—“Your aunt welcomes you child—but, oh you’ve been shamefully neglected. I can’t look at you. I must hide my face until—(louder and excited)—Why you’ve forgotten your skirt.”

Mr. Oldays—“We wear skirts in this civilized country, Miss.”

Anne—“Do you, grandfather? How interesting. I hadn’t noticed.”

Anne—“By the way is this delightfully dour gentleman a step-uncle whom I should love and cherish after the manner of relatives three times removed?”

Mr. Oldays—“No, certainly not. This is Dr. Lochiel McCallum.”

Anne—“What a dream of a name. It reeks of heather, pipes and swaying kilts—(approaching him)—“Laddie, will ye gang doon the road and ca’ in the bonnie lassie that’s biding in the Kail-yard. Tell her to come awa in bye—and meet my ain folk.”

Doctor—“I wad fain bide here.”—(all laugh).

Mr. Oldays—“Well you’re the worst flibberty gibbet I’ve ever seen in my day. Haven’t you any proper respect or fear of man?”

Anne—“Why should I fear them? They won’t hurt you if you don’t hurt them.”

Rosie—“Don’t scold her, father, poor child—I’ll teach her gentle lady-like ways.”—(Anne runs and puts her arms round her.)

Anne—“You soft, helpless little white kitten. I’m hopeless, but”—(Enter June dressed in sporting costume like Anne.)

Anne—“Walk right up, June. I thought you might as well get acquainted; evidently my adoring relatives had not expected me, nor requested my early presence. I was just sending the Dr. out to invite you in.”—(calls at door—whoo—whoo Doctor,

she's arrived.)—"Grandfather this is June Andrews, she is visiting at her uncle's here."—(shakes hands).

June—"Probably you know my uncle, Mr. Edgley of the Pines."

Mr. Oldays—John Edgley—well I knew him long before you did, young lady."

June—"Naturally, Mr. Oldays, it sounds possible."

Rosie—(Overcome)—"Who did she say—Ot, it awakens memories I had hoped were long, long since dead."

Mr. Oldays—"Hold your horses now, Rosalind—don't get excited."

Anne—"Cheer up, Aunt Rosie—memories never kill."

June—"I must have stirred up something—sorry."

Mr. Oldays—"So that's who you are, eh! Well, John Edgley won't be tickled to death to have you cavorting round with Anne."

Anne—"Out with it, grandfather. Unfold the buried past."

Mr. Oldays—"There were words between us years ago."

Anne—Oh, that's all—well, we recognize no past and aren't going to carry our grandfathers and uncles around on our shoulders—so that's that."

Rosie—"Oh, Anne, dear, what a shocking suggestion—my face burns for you. How am I ever to teach you decorum?"

Anne—"Some job, Auntie, believe me."—(laughs. Enter Doctor.)

Doctor—"I am sorry, Miss Burns, but I did not see"—(notices June—hesitates.)

June—(comes forward)—"Lochiel McCallum. Why I thought you were practising in Toronto. Shake hands for old times sake."

Doctor—"I—I came here after—I mean I thought."

June—"The Doctor and I are old friends, or enemies. I am not just clear which."

Doctor—"No, no, friends."

June—"I suppose you have found and married a rich girl by now."

Mr. Oldays—(loudly)—"He has found her and will marry her in due time."

June—"Good. How interesting."

Anne—"Congratulations, Doctor—so sudden."

Doctor—I suppose that is a joke. A rather heavy one.”

June—“Matrimonial jokes do prove rather heavy at times. Well. I'll start on, Anne—the skiing is good and uncle will be expecting me. I will leave you in the bosom of your family.”

Doctor—I'm just going down that way. Can I tag on?”

June—“Certainly. Pleased to have you, but I'm on skis.”

Doctor—“Well, I've a pair hanging round. I'll meet you. I'll just take this bottle.”—(Looks.)

June—“Come over in the morning, Anne, and we will do the hills—they are great.”

Anne—“I will if I survive. I feel I will need your professional care by that time, Doctor—so call around and advise me as to the shortest way to the Pines.”—(Exit Dr., Anne and June.)

Mr. Oldays—(To Rosie)—“Well, that girl of ours has some gumption after all—isn't going to stand for the Doctor being grabbed off in front of her eyes without a counter attack.”

Rosie—“Oh, how shocking—requesting the pleasure of a gentleman's company. In my day such a breach of etiquette could—not—”

Anne—(Comes back and sits down)—“Speaking of etiquette, I feel that I have not had a very warm welcome grandfather—if I may call you that. I had hoped you might take to me a little—but you haven't. Now I want to get this straight. You do not need to have me here. I do not want my presence to make anyone unhappy. You will never see my viewpoint and yours is to say the least new to me.”

Mr. Oldays—“Be quiet, woman. Who said I didn't want you? I'll tell you when I don't, never fear. Why don't you take your things off, although I can't see you've a coat on.”

Anne—“Thanks; think I will.” (throws cap in chair, takes out vanity case—combs her short hair and rubs nose.)

Rosie—(Shocked) “Child, child, you are making your toilet in public—in front of men”

Anne—“Not men dear—only grandfather—he's seen hair combed before and as to powdering my nose—that is just merely applying a soft white chemical substance to the epidermis of my probosis—Have I made that clear grandfather?”

Mr. Oldays—(laughs) “Well you're up and above board anyway.” (Enters housekeeper in temper.)

Mrs. Chubb—“Miss Rosalind—I’ve come to give notice—I’ve always worked for respectable folk, and I’m not going to wait on folks as go round in mens cloths—so I ain’t.”

Rosie—“Oh Mrs. Chubb—don’t leave us—don’t think of it—we could never do without you—you are so capable—

Anne—“And willing”—

Mr. Oldays—“What’s the meaning of this disturbance?”

Anne—“If you mean me—I’m sorry but I won’t promise to dress to suit your taste—but if you want to go—why pass right out—we won’t lay a straw in your way—I’ve had a course in domestic science—can cook and carry on until Aunt Rosalind gets a capable woman.”

Mr. Oldays—“Talk’s cheap my lady—but suit yourself Mrs. Chubb—We can’t hold you if you want to go.”

Rosie—“Oh father—what will I do?—She has been here for years—”

Mrs. Chubb—“I’m willing to stay—but will not be dictated to by—by—”

(Anne goes up smiling.)

Anne—“If you mean me Mrs. Chubb—I never interfere with anyone’s business—much less one who has served my grandfather so well—and of course I expect no one to interfere with me—now that’s clear—I will say though there seems to be a famine in this house—don’t you ever eat?—I haven’t had a bite since 7 this morning.”

Rosie—“Oh I’m so sorry—I was so upset—I’ll go.”

Mrs. Chubb—“Nothing to eat yet eh! Well I call that a crying shame—I’ll get you a biscuit and a glass of milk this minute.”

Anne—“Thanks I’ll be right here waiting—but may I have three—I’m starved—pure and simple.”

Mrs. Chubb—(Calls back) “Sure child—you can eat to the full—”

Mr. Oldays—“Well that’s a quick change of face—she is not noted for taking to strangers—she did not used to be so cantankerous.”

Rosie—“I’m so glad—what a dear you are Anne—She is so capable—”

Mr. Oldays—“Capable—but cranky.”

Anne—(Laughs) “Grandfather I am dying to know why you turn that picture to the wall—can I see it?”

(goes over.)

Rosie—(catches her) “No-no—hush-hush child—”

Mr. Oldays—“Sit down—no—you can’t—no questions please—when I’ve anything to tell you—you’ll hear it—is that clear?”

Anne—“Perfectly clear grandfather—short, concise, and to the point,—well I’m going to eat! E—A—T—I’ll put my skis in the hall—be back in a minute—”

Rosie—“My poor nerves are just tingling—”

Mr. Oldays—“Well thank goodness Anne has no nerves—no man could stand a double dose.”

(enter Anne.)

Mr. Oldays—“You can’t come to the table in that leatherish outfit—haven’t you got any decent clothes?—Rosalind can’t you lend her something?—(speaks loud and firmly). I will expect you to appear to-morrow morning quietly and modestly dressed—you can’t go trapsing round the country in man’s trousers—”

Anne—“But I’m not—these are perfectly respectable women’s breeks—”

Mr. Oldays—“Humph—the same thing”—(Anne laughs)
(goes out)

Rosie—“Don’t worry, father—I’ll soon correct any errors in dress or deportment—Anne will soon learn our cultured ways—”

Mr. Oldays—“Stuff and nonsense—you can’t turn a wild bird into a barnyard fowl—”

Rosie—“Father I am shocked at your language and your vulgar reference to fowl and barnyards—I don’t understand you—”

Mr. Oldays—“You don’t eh! well you will before you’re through with polishing up this modern young woman—Well I’m going out to the garden—”

Rosie—“I must go and see Mrs. Chubb—I’ll give her a little present—She must be kept in good humor—” (goes out)

(Anne enters.)

Mr. Oldays—“Good humor—nothing (loud) Say young woman take a word from me—you’ll never get a man stravagin round in that outfit—money or no money—” (goes out)

Anne—"What funny excitable people. Say this outfit is getting rather warm — I forsee where I am to have a continuous performance with no intermission—if I am going to bring Auntie and Grandfather anywhere near up to date—(uses comb and puff)—Grandfather has possibilities but Aunt Rosie might have stepped out of an 1870 fashion book—she is the sweetest thing—I wonder if she had a disappointment in love—funny—but people had them in those days—(gets up) glad they don't now—Say I'm simply ravenous—I'd rather have a good square meal than any sheik that ever basked in "The Sunshine of My Smile." (hums or sings line of any popular song).

(Enter Mrs. Chubb with tray.)

Mrs. Chubb—"Now set up to the table and try to eat a bite—" (arranges)

Anne—"Mrs. Chubb—I adore you—Oh such delectable biscuits—I just knew you'd make big soft bumpy ones like these (eats)—You see an nice kind comfy person makes fat puffy ones and cross dried up ladies make thin sour ones—my but they are good—"

Mrs. Chubb—"Well, I've never heard such talk in all my life. I suppose you are what they call a modern girl?"

Anne—"Call me anything, Mrs. Chubb, but don't call me away from these biscuits."

Mrs. Chubb—"They say they are no good for anything but gadding round, dressed like men—not willing to work or fit to be an honest hard working helpmeet for a decent young fellow as is looking for a wife."

Anne—"Show him to me, Mrs. Chubb. I'm hard working, and yes—I think I can say honest, and I am looking for just the young man you have painted in such glowing colors."

Mrs. Chubb—"Well you don't mind saying so. You're not beating about the bush for sure."

Anne—(laughs)—"Why should I? Say, Mrs. Chubb, is that a new style of hanging family pictures—turning their back on us as it were? I mean that big one there."

Mrs. Chubb—(shocked)—"I would advise you to keep off that subject. We—we don't talk about it—we."

Anne—(greatly interested)—"How thrilling. Have you ghosts and closet skeletons here—how interesting. I'm not a bit afraid, I just adore a mystery. Be sure I'll unearth it."

Mrs. Chubb—(answers sharply)—“That picture was turned to the wall for good reasons. I would advise you not to interfere or speak of it in this house—(more excited)—Oh, please—please, don’t, we never—that is—”

Anne—“This is growing in interest—another biscuit—I feel life coming back to my trembling limbs. By the way, have you any children, Mrs. Chubb?”

Mrs. Chubb—“Yes—no—that is I have—I had a son—.”

Anne—“You don’t seem exactly sure about it. Mothers as a rule are rather clear on that point. Well, I hope he is a comfort to you. I confess to a weakness for sons—other people’s sons.”—(Mrs. Chubb wipes her eyes. Anne notices.)

Anne—“Oh, Mrs. Chubb, I’m so sorry if I have hurt you—I didn’t think.”

Mrs. Chubb—“It’s alright, Miss, but I’ve seen sore trouble in my day and no way out of it. I had a son—he was—he was in a bank.”—(wipes eyes.)

Anne—“Oh, well, troubles have a way of clearing up—perhaps I can help. If there’s anything I can do I will do it. I’ve money to do what I like with and I’m going to spend it as I go and see results. I think that will be great fun.”—(gets up)—“Well, if you will show me a room I will get into something else. Oh, woe is me. Grandfather said I had to appear respectably dressed, alas, I have nothing respectable.”

Mrs. Chubb—“Your trunks are here, Miss Anne.”

Anne—“Nothing respectable in them. Oh, I know—(delighted)—I’ve had an inspiration, Chubbie, dear, help me. Lend me some of your clothes—do—grandfather really was quite cross.”

Mrs. Chubb—“Sure you’d go into mine twice over and then to spare—once I was so small you could span my waist.”

Anne—“I know, I’ll soon be a perfect 48 myself if I don’t count my calories. These biscuits will be my undoing.”

Mrs. Chubb—I do believe I have some things left you could get into.”

Anne—“Oh, goody. Come and let’s unearth them. I do hope I can squeeze into them.”

Mrs. Chubb—“Well, I never was one to be led around, but you sure have a way with yon.”—(goes out holding Mrs. Chubb’s arm.)

ACT TWO.

(Living room. Grandfather with paper. Rosie fixing flowers. Grandfather looks at watch.)

Grandfather—"Where is that young woman? Did you tell her, Rosalind, that we breakfast at 9—and that means 9?"

Rosie—"I did father, but it's not nine yet—it is only 5 to 9."

Grandfather—"Where is she, in some outlandish outfit, prinking up I suppose?"

Rosie—"I—I don't think she is in the house."

Grandfather—"Not in the house? Whose house is she in then? I'll teach that young lady to stay at home, and you see and get her some respectable clothes. If ever a man had a handful."—(Anne comes in slowly and gentlemanly, wearing white blouse, long trailing skirt, bustle, false hair piled on top with a rat in front—(any extreme old style)—stands a minute.)

Grandfather—"Madame, I have not the pleasure"—(rises. Enter Doctor.)

Rosie—"Why, why, it's Anne! How you have grown, dear child."

Anne—"Do I find favor in thy sight now, grandfather? I carried out your wishes, and I feel so proper and respectable, that I am utterly wretched."

Rosie—"The style is good dear, but you have not been well fitted."

Grandfather—(roars)—"What have you got yourself rigged out like that for? How am I to get a husband for you if you look as old as your great grandmother."

Anne—(indignant)—"Get a husband for me? Since when did I ask you to get a husband for me?"

Rosie—"Hush, father. She doesn't know."

Grandfather—"I'd have you know, you are my ward and I have control of you, and your fortune until you reach a marriageable age."

Anne—"Oh is that all. I've reached that age long ago. Am just waiting to be borne to the altar."

Dr.—(advances)—"Pardon me. I am afraid I have been eavesdropping."

Anne—(bows low)—“I grant your pardon, most noble sir.”—(Dr. laughs.)

Grandfather—“Well, come along Dr.—you’re just in time for a cup of coffee.”

Rosie—“Honor us, Doctor.” Come along Anne.”

Anne—(calls)—No, thanks, Aunt Rosie. I had an early breakfast.”

Dr.—“If you’ll excuse me, I’ll keep Miss Burns company.”

Grandfather—“You know what keeping company means, I suppose?”

Anne—“He’s quite clear on that, grandfather.”—(They laugh.)

Dr.—“You must excuse me Miss Burns, I did not recognize you at first. I—I thought you were young—a young—but there I am making things worse.”

Anne—“Don’t mention it, Dr. Ye ken a Scotchman aye says what he thinks—if he thinks at all.”

Grandfather—“This young woman has rigged herself out like a ship in full sail—thinking I’d approve. Well, I don’t.”

Anne—“You are hard to suit, grandfather. You don’t like me either ancient or modern.”

Grandfather—“Oh I like you well enough—but you’ll keep some man guessing all his life.”

Rosie—“Father, don’t put such thoughts into the child’s head.”

Grandfather—“Thoughts, nothing. Girls are born with such thoughts. Start looking out for a man as soon as they can peek through the slats of their cradle.”

Anne—“Well, I had no cradle, grandfather, so perhaps that’s why I have not found one.”

Grandfather—“Well, enough of this. Are you coming to breakfast?”

Anne—“No, thanks. I’m going to stay and talk over the Battle of Bannockburn with the doctor.”

Rosie—“With no chaperon, dear?”

Grandfather—“Eh—what? You want to stay. Well, you might do worse. Come, Rosie.”—(exit.)

Anne—(turns round to display)—“How do you like my costume, Dr.? I begged it from Mrs. Chubb, to make a hit with Grandfather.”

Dr.—“Can’t say I’m carried off my head with it. Do you intend to adopt it?”

Anne—“Well, that depends. I haven’t decided yet. I am expecting June over any minute. I want to impress her. By the way you appeared to be old friends—can’t ever remember her speaking of you.”

Dr.—“A mere oversight, doubtless. Penniless young doctors do not provide an interesting topic of conversation.”

Anne—“That depends upon the Dr. Some are so much more interesting than others.”

Dr.—“Well, here’s hoping I may reach that class.”

Anne—“In my modest judgment you will.”

Dr.—“Thanks. Say do you know I’d like to see you dressed—not in breeks or this Solomon Leer second-hand outfit. What are you anyway—girl, boy or old woman?”

Anne—“All—each and all. Three in one—(both laugh). Say Dr. what really is your name?”

Dr.—Lochiel McCallum.

Anne—“Aye, mon. Well sit down here and let’s be chatty. In the first place tell me why that picture is turned with its face to the wall. This is a house of mystery. When I asked Grandfather he was quite wrathy, and poor little Aunt Rosie had to resort to her smelling salts forthwith and wipe her eyes with the most adorable lace kerchief.”

Dr.—“I would rather not—if you don’t mind?”

Anne—“But I do mind. I love mysteries and since I am one of the family it is my right to be introduced to any family skeletons.”

Dr.—“It is a subject we never speak of, Miss Burns.”

Anne—“Well, you may just as well, because I’ll find out. I am psychic, and I can feel there is some mystery.”

Dr.—“I’d rather not—but it is different since I do not agree with Mr. Oldays, and feel that justice should be done.”

Anne—“Perhaps I could help if I knew.”

Dr.—“I am afraid not—the trouble is too deep seated. Your Grandfather has always been a man who ruled his own household. His will was law.”

Anne—“I'll say so. Was my stepfather? Did he abscond with the family plate, and is that his picture?”

Dr.—“No, no. That is Bob's picture, the youngest son. As fine a fellow as ever took the air.”

Anne—“Took to the air? Do you mean he was an aviator?”

Dr.—“He wanted to be—was crazy about it, but his father was prejudiced against flying and forbade him to go near the flying field.”

Anne—“The old crank—with apologies.”

Dr.—“His father refused to give him money to take the course, and of course things were not comfortable.”

Anne—“I believe you.”

Dr.—“And one night Bob disappeared—and—and \$500 of his father's money. His father did not accuse him openly of theft, but wrote forbidding him the house.”

Anne—(jumps up excited. Speaks loud.)—“Well, I don't believe it. I can't prove it—but I don't believe it. Do I make that clear?”

Dr.—“Perfectly. You have a way of bringing the truth home.”

Anne—“Where is he now—this Bob Oldays?”

Dr.—“Well you see he took the aviators' course—that is rather expensive. After Bob was forbidden the house, his father ordered his picture turned to the wall—a strange proceeding.”

Anne—“Strange. Well I'll say it's strange. They're all strange here—dead and buried. Thank you a thousand times for your confidence. I will not betray it.”

Dr.—“I believe you.”

Anne—“This Bob must have had a little go and snap to him—different from my china shepherdess aunt.”

Dr.—“That was the trouble. He didn't seem to belong.”

Anne—“That's what made grandfather so mad when I said I wanted to fly.”

Dr.—“You certainly got in wrong.”

Anne—“Well, I don't know what I'm going to do—but I'm going to do something. In the first place I'm going to shed this atrocious middle age outfit. No more camouflage for me.”

There's too much of it here."—(Enter Mrs. Chubb, looks nervously at picture.)

Mrs. Chubb—"That young woman's here again. Shall I show her in?"

Dr.—"I should be going. Think of the patients whose lives are endangered by my delay."

Anne—"Reflect on those whose lives are being prolonged."—(Laugh. June enters—very modern and pretty winter outfit: fur coat, short goloshes, etc. Anne stands very stately.)

Dr.—"Allow me to introduce Miss Burns."

June—(Laughs)—"Well what kind of a private theatrical have I disturbed?"

Anne—"I am merely obeying my Grandfather's mandate to dress respectably—but he was not pleased and openly bewailed the fact that I would never get a husband rigged out like this."

June—"Well if I were a man I wouldn't want you to set your affections on me if I were not willing. I'm sure I'd say yes against my better judgment."

Anne—"But you see you would be willing, wouldn't she, Dr?"

Dr.—(Laughs)—"I imagine she might."

June—"I came to bring you over to lunch, Anne."

Anne—"Oh, I'd love to—I feel buried alive. I'll have to buy a moth plane and get up where I can breathe some fresh air. Well, I'll leave you to entertain yourselves until I come down. —(goes out. Awkward silence.)

Dr.—"Fate seems to be throwing us together, June."

June—"Fate is a meddlesome old woman at best."

Dr.—"You think so."

June—"I really don't think at all."

Dr.—"You thought—or said you did a good deal once."

June—"It's never wise to unearth the past. I want you to hear these records.—(Dr. offers to put them on. Enter Grand father after music.)

Grandfather—"Well, well, you here. No one needing any of your dosing this morning, eh?"

Dr.—"Oh, good morning, Mr. Oldays."

June—"Good morning, Mr. Oldays. I am Anne's friend who came."

Grandfather—"Oh, yes, yes, I remember. You've got a different rig on to-day. Good enough what there's of it. Too bad you couldn't have tacked a few more muskrats to the tail of your coat."—(Dr. laughs.)

June—"Oh, short coats are the style now, Uncle Jim didn't approve at first, but I told him he'd get used to it."

Grandfather—"Humph—I suppose so. Where's that young fibber gibbet of mine gone? I hope Dr. she treated you properly. She has no idea of what is expected of a young lady."

June—"Oh she certainly treated me the very best, sir.—(Enter Anne dressed like June.)

Anne—"What are you saying, Grandfather? Behold your loving and obedient step granddaughter, clothed and in her right mind—the rightest mind she's got anyway. Do I find favor?"—(Enter Rosie—hides face.)

Grandfather—"In your Grandmother's time you would not have been allowed to set a foot outside your own door with that disgracefully short outfit on, my young woman."

Rosie—"Oh, what do I see? Maidenly modesty thrown to the winds."

Grandfather—"Maidenly modesty nothing. They're allright. All they need is their skirts let down."

Anne—"Grandfather, how lovely of you. You are making strides."

Grandfather—"Well I'd need to, to keep pace with the young people of to-day."

June—"Your Aunt seems to be ill, Anne. Maybe I had better go?"—(Dr. gives her a drink of water and Anne her salts.)

Grandfather—"No cause to worry. It's just her nerves. She'll come around. A cracked pot never breaks."

Rosie—"Oh—Oh—tell father I'm not cracked."

Anne—"Well we may as well go. I won't be home for lunch. I'm going over with June."

June—"Uncle Jim would like to have you and Miss Oldays come too, Mr. Oldays."

Grandfather—"He would, eh? Well, there's an old score to settle first."

Anne—(indignant)—“Old scores nothing. Let the dead past bury its dead—but don’t bury yourself with it. Listen, I am going to tell Mr. Edgley that Mr. Oldays sends his compliments and will give himself the pleasure of calling at an early date for the purpose of renewing old acquaintances—pipes and tobacco for two optional.”

Rosie—(Much excited)—“Oh, don’t, don’t, please.”

Grandfather—“You don’t know what you are talking about, woman.”

Anne—“What is wrong, Auntie?”—(All but Grandfather attend her.)

Grandfather—You see, Jim Edgley used to be soft on our Rosie, once.”

Rosie—“Oh, father, don’t. My maidenly sensibilities. How can you?”

Grandfather—“If she hadn’t been such a sentimental idiot she’d have taken a good man when she got the chance. He was decent once.”

Rosie—“Father !”

Grandfather—“Always so romantic, expected a man to be hanging around after her on his knees. No man’ll stand for that.”

Anne—“Hear those words of wisdom, June?”

Rosie—“No, no, it wasn’t that, Father. You know what happened. I couldn’t—”

Anne—“There dear, don’t cry. I don’t imagine Grandfather you would be at your best as a matchmaker. It doesn’t strike me as being your role.”

Grandfather—“I’ll show you what I can do along that line.”

June—“Uncle Edgley is a dear, anyway.”

Dr.—“A very fine man.”

Grandfather—“Just so.”

Anne—“Isn’t this place just reeking with romance, June. I’m going to have a delightful time.”

June—“I must call you Aunt Rosie too, please. Uncle Jim is giving me the cutest little runabout car, and as soon as the roads are better I am going to call for you.”

Rosie—Oh, oh, I would be too nervous.”

Dr.—“She requires a Doctor in constant attendance. In fact I would be required to accompany her.”

Anne—“The only safe course, Dr.—(Sings line of “Will Ye No Come Back Again.” June takes Rosie out.)

Grandfather—“Rosie will be alright. You’d better take my driving horse, Doctor, to-morrow and take Anne here out and get better acquainted.”

Dr.—“I, I’m sure I would be delighted sometime.”

Grandfather—“Sometime nothing. Now’s the time man. You can’t dilly-dally round with such odds at stake.”

Anne—“Well, if I’m the odds at stake, you can just ease your mind of all responsibility. I can crank my own car. In other words I can look after my own matrimonial affairs.”

Grandfather—Did you call me a crank, young woman.”

Anne—“I never think out loud. Go on out to June, bonnie laddie— Hieland laddie.”

Grandfather—“Well have your own way—you’ll have it anyway.”

Anne—(Puts hand on his shoulder)—Good-bye, dear. I’m not one speck afraid of you.”

Grandfather—“Well, well, you’ll lead some man a life of it.”
(June and Doctor come back.)

Anne—“Well, I’m off. Say Grandfather, I’m going to bring in young people just as soon as I know my way around here. We’re going to have some music and show you a little life. Too bad this big house going to waste.”

June—“Oh that will be great; Can I bring Uncle along?”

Anne—“I’ll receive him with open arms.”

Grandfather—“Well if he is willing to move that line fence $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch, he can come and be welcome.”

June—“Oh I’m sure he will be!”

Anne—“And I’ll chaperone poor little spineless Aunt Rosalind.”

Dr.—“I’d better stick around too eh June? Nervous collapses are serious.”

Anne—“What a perfectly delightful time I see ahead. You and I are going to be left alone Grandfather, all—all alone. You

will have to devote yourself to me and not get your eye on some nice prospective step Grandmother and leave me to my solitary state."

Grandfather—(Hand to ear) "Eh! What?"

Dr.—"Your Grandfather is a fine looking man for his years Miss Anne."

Grandfather—"For my years! Who's talking of years?"
(looks in glass)

Anne—"A Scotchman to be sure, no one else would be so lacking in tact as to suggest age."

Grandfather—"If you refer to the Doctor Anne, you will be well advised to treat him with more respect."

Dr.—"I will see that she does!"—(All laugh. Go out calling good bye.)

STAGE CLEAR—SCENE A MONTH LATER.

Grandfather—"Where's that paper? I declare a man can't have any peace in his own house!"—(Reads a while. Then knock. Enter Mrs. Steele and Lizzie.)

Grandfather—"Good morning, Ma'am. Mrs. Steele is it and your daughter? Will you be seated?"

Mrs. Steele—(Very stiff and loud voiced)—"Well, perhaps I will for a few minutes, but I've a lot of calls to make this morning."

Grandfather—"You are not a frequent visitor, ma'am. I hope your husband is well?"

Mrs. Steele—"I hope he is too, sir—he is dead."

Grandfather—"He is? It has slipped my memory. Well, that leaves no doubt."

Mrs. Steele—"Well, I know where he is now, which was more than I knew before, with him galivanting round and never at rest in his own home, which was clean as hands and soap could make it."

Lizzie—"Don't talk, Ma!"

Mrs. Steele—"Don't talk yourself. As I was going to say—and good advice always free for the asking as well."

Lizzie—"Pa was always kind."

Grandfather—“Yes, yes, ma’am. I don’t doubt you were an exemplary wife. Is there anything I can do for you?”

Mrs. Steele—“Yes and no. I came here because I felt it was my duty to warn you that the neighbors object to the goings on around here.”

Lizzie—“Keep quiet, ma.”

Mrs. Steele—“The young woman who stops here and her friend don’t dress respectable, and are setting a bad example to other girls. Take my own Lizzie here.”

Lizzie—“I’d dress like that too, if ma’d let me get my own clothes.”

Grandfather—“Make yourself plain, ma’am. Do you refer to my granddaughter?”

Mrs. Steele—“There’s two of them that go around in men’s clothes and skirts so short you could stitch them up out of a yard of goods, hem and all. It’s not decent. If my Lizzie’d as much as cast an eye on them—.”

Lizzie—“I just love them. I hate mine. Nasty trailing thing.”

Mrs. Steele—“Keep your place, Lizzie.”

Grandfather—(Stands up—loud and distinct)—“Madame, I’ll regulate the length of my granddaughter’s skirts and one word against the young woman to whom you refer and there’ll be trouble for you. Do I make that plain?”

Mrs. Steele—“Well, I’ll promise to keep quiet and see that other folks keep a civil tongue in their heads. I hope you won’t—”

Grandfather—“Well, here’s a bargain. You send your daughter over here and let Anne rig her out in the clothes she wants. That will change your viewpoint and please Lizzie here.”

Lizzie—“Oh, how can I thank you, Mr. Oldays. Do let me, mother. I’ll be good.”

Mrs. Steele—“Humph! I don’t see how I can help myself.”

Lizzie—“Do you think she would bother with me?”

Grandfather—“It’s just along her line. Come along now, I’ll show you out Mrs. Steele, as I have letters to write and remember the conditions.”—(Curtain falls. Old songs played on piano or victrola behind scenes or in front.)

SCENE IN SITTING ROOM.

(Aunt Rosie in rocking chair. Anne in pretty sleeveless afternoon dress, seated at her feet.)

Anne—"Now tell me all about it, Auntie. What happened between you and June's Uncle Jim. He is perfectly adorable. I may consider taking him myself since you didn't want him."

Rosie—"It wasn't that, dear—not that I didn't return his sentiments. Of course it is not considered maidenly to allow a suitor to see that you favor him."

Anne—"All bunk—excuse me Auntie—but he doesn't strike me as faint-hearted. I imagine he must have told you how he felt toward you."

Rosie—"Oh, yes, dear—excuse my confusion—but this is a very delicate subject."

Anne—"I can't see it, but go on, dear."

Rosie—"He did explain to me the state of—of his feelings, although it seems unmaidenly of me to speak of it. You girls are so different now. I have noticed it so much the months you have been here."

Anne—"I'll say we are, you soft little thistledown puff."

Rosie—"I don't mean, you aren't sweet and wholesome, but you see I was romantic. I thought he would love me better if I was—was cold—and held off."

Anne—"I see, Auntie. Never a wise course. Honesty in love is the best policy."

Rosie—"Yes, dear. But you see things might have come right, but we had so much trouble at home—(wipes eyes)—such crushing sorrow—and—then the back line fence."

Anne—"The back line fence. How ever did you get tangled up with your romance?"

Rosie—"I didn't, dear. It was father who—"

Anne—(Confidential air)—"Tell me the whole thing, Auntie. You can trust me. I knew from the first there was a family skeleton. I heard the rattle of its bones."

Rosie—"Oh, don't, child, you frighten me so. I would tell you—but I'm so afraid of father."

Anne—"Well I'm not—and I feel I am sent here to put some common sense into my family connection and I'm going to keep at it until I succeed. So have no fear, Auntie, and just tell me the whole truth."

Rosie—(Wipes her eyes and after a while talks slowly and distinctly)—"Well you see, it was like this, Bob—Bob was my youngest brother."—(Looks at door.)

Anne—"No need to whisper. Bob was your youngest brother."

Rosie—"Oh, don't speak so loud—rather—."

Anne—"Go on, Auntie, I've got that."

Rosie—"I just worshipped him. He was the life of the house, but so venturesome. Afraid of nothing. Father and he did not always agree."

Anne—"I imagine they might not always see eye to eye."

Rosie—"Then after Bob graduated he got a queer notion of flying up in the air and he wanted father to give his consent and advance him money to take the course."

Anne—"Yes."

Rosie—"Father refused. He was quite—quite decided and Bob, poor Bob said he would go anyway. Father said he would not give the money—and—and he said he didn't care he'd find the money alright—so—so then father ordered him out—and told him never to darken this door again."

Anne—"Poor little Auntie.

Rosie—"Oh, I will never forget. He took his hat, kissed me goodbye—and said 'goodbye, father, I take you at your word.' He was gone."—(Wipes eyes. Silence.)

Anne—"Well of all the bunk. Excuse me, I'll be more shakespearean—what a "much ado about nothing." perian—what 'a much ado about nothing.'"

Rosie—"Yes dear, but that wasn't all. Oh how can I tell you; that night \$500 dollars disappeared out of father's cash box in his desk."

Anne—"What?"

Rosie—"Yes—and father ordered Bob's picture turned to the wall in disgrace and he is an outcast."

Anne—(Jumps up) "And do you mean to say you believe that! Did Grandfather make no investigation?"

Rosie—"He would not have any publicity and wanted it kept from the servants and the public."

Anne—"Auntie—I'm going to see that picture!"

Rosie—"Oh don't—don't I implore, your father would," (Tries to hold Anne)

Anne—"On behalf of justice I'm going to; Grandfather is just an old tyrant, and worse."

Rosie—"Oh hush, how can you."—(Hides face. Anne looks behind picture for some time and puts it back.)

Anne—"And you agree with Grandfather that a man with a face like that would be guilty of a low down trick like you have described?"

Rosie—"No, no, I never believed it. But I was so afraid of father, and then—then there was the back line fence trouble."

Anne—"Whatever had that to do with it?"

Rosie—"Well you see Father quarreled with Jim, who—who was my—my lover. He said Jim moved his fence onto his property and Jim was angry and denied it. And he made me write and tell him I could never marry a man—who—who had no principle."

Anne—"Well of all the washouts. Pardon me Auntie. Well you certainly are a peculiar people. I'd like to see any backline fence I couldn't get over if I cared enough for anyone."

Rosie—"You can't understand, Anne."

Anne—"Well, I can't at present, but believe me I soon will. I believe I have a direct mission to this household."—(Enter Mrs. Chubb.)

Mrs. Chubb—(Nervous—glances at picture)—"Your father wants you to read to him, Miss Rosalind."

Rosie—"Oh, I had forgotten. Are my eyes red? He won't like me being late, poor Father."

Anne—"You look lovely, Auntie. Run along. Mrs. Chubb and I will have a little visit."

Mrs. Chubb—"Oh, I'm too busy—that is—I."

Anne—"Sit down, Mrs. Chubb. I feel like talking.—(Mrs. Chubb sits down reluctantly).—That's fine. Now tell me, Mrs. Chubb, you've been in this family a long time. Tell me what kind of a boy was this Bob, who apparently has disgraced himself."

Mrs. Chubb—(Flustered)—“Oh, I must go. I’d rather not talk—I—.”

Anne—“Was he a friend of your son? Did they grow up together?”

Mrs. Chubb—“He was that. Just like brothers. You see my husband was a gentleman—an officer in the army—and he married me. I was pretty in those days. You wouldn’t think the village belle—.”

Anne—“I’m sure you were, Mrs. Chubb. You are nice and comfortable looking yet.”

Mrs. Chubb—“Oh, no. Since my troubles I haven’t cared for my looks—that is—.”

Anne—“What trouble Mrs. Chubb? I want you to tell me—perhaps I could help you. I never betray secrets.”

Mrs. Chubb—“Oh, no, Miss, I couldn’t. Don’t ask me.”—(Jumps up, wrings her hands and paces floor.)

Anne—“Mrs. Chubb, I think I can guess. Shall I?”

Mrs. Chubb—“Oh, no, no. I couldn’t stand it.”

Anne—“I’m going to tell you. Your son was in financial difficulties and you shielded him.”—(Breaks down, falls in chair crying.)

Mrs. Chubb—“Oh, how did you find out? Oh, don’t breathe it to your Grandfather. I would give my life if I could undo my mistake.”

Anne—“Well, now that much is settled. I want you to tell me the whole truth and I’m going to help you.”

Mrs. Chubb—“Oh, if you only could. My life is miserable. But nothing can be done. I will go to my grave bearing—”

Anne—“You don’t look the least bit like going to your grave. I think it is in my power to help you.”

Mrs. Chubb—“Oh, if you only would.”

Anne—(Puts hand on shoulder)—“Now, tell me all. Have no fear. Whether I can help you or not, no one will be the wiser.”

Mrs. Chubb—“I believe you, but promise me you won’t give me over to the law.”

Anne—“I will not. You have my word. Now tell me.”

Mrs. Chubb—(Slowly, but distinctly)—“It was like this. Earl worked in a place of trust. He was young and an older man told him of a house he could buy cheap for me—by putting down \$500. He wrote me and I was to send the money next day as I was expecting a note paid on that day. I told him to go on. Then my son—it was really all my fault—made the mistake. He borrowed it from the bank to put it back next day. I never got the money. He wired me to send immediately for fear of serious trouble. I saw it would ruin my son and I would have given my life to save him.”

Anne—“Yes—you—”

Mrs. Chubb—“Promise you won’t betray me.”

Anne—“No, no, you poor soul—go on.”

Mrs. Chubb—“I was cleaning the office and found a roll of bills, \$500. I borrowed it and sent it on. My son was saved. But oh, oh, I can’t go on.”

Anne—“I can. That day Bob Oldays was ordered out by his Father. Bob went that night. You knew he was blamed for it and kept your silence.”

Mrs. Chubb—“I was going to put it right back, but I never got it. My son does not know of this. He thinks it was my money. I would rather die than have him know it of his mother.”

Anne—“Well, cheer up. Fate played you a mean trick and you have no backbone. But not being a mother I’m in no position to judge. Now I’m going to get busy.”

Mrs. Chubb—(Rises and clasps her hands in front of Anne)—“May Heaven’s richest blessing follow you all the days of your life—and may you know the love of a good husband.”

Anne—“Well, everything in its time. I’ve got to do a lot of hard thinking and it won’t be along sentimental lines.”

Mrs. Chubb—“You are that wholesome—just like clear, fresh water from the pump.”

Anne—“You poor old dear. You have poetry in your soul—but I hope I am not as unstable as water.”

Mrs. Chubb—“Oh, no, no. I would never.”

Anne—“Well don’t worry any more. I’m going to try and find a way out.—(Goes and looks at picture.)—Tell me, Mrs. Chubb, where is Bob Oldays?”

Mrs. Chubb—“That I do not know. He is a great flyer now, but never comes this way. I heard he was married.”—(Puts back picture to wall, comes back.)

Anne—"He is, eh! Well that's just too bad.—(Sighs)—One thing sure, I'm going to clear his name and give that crabby old Grandfather of mine the jolt of his life. You can go now."—(Exit Mrs. Chubb.)

Anne—"I don't know just how to go about it, but I'm going to do it."—(Sits and thinks a while. Enter Lizzie Steele, old-fashioned and dowdy.)

Lizzie—"Excuse me intruding. I am Elizabeth Steele. I want to see you."

Anne—(Hospitable)—"Why certainly. Come right in, I'm so glad to see some one of my own age."

Lizzie—"Well you won't get much of a thrill out of seeing me."

Anne—"Why not?"

Lizzie—"Because I am such a dowdy. Oh I know it. Mother bought my clothes to suit herself. Something happened and she said I could come over and see you and maybe you would help me choose things. Am I impossible?"

Anne—"Impossible! Well, I should say not. I would just love to make you all over. Do you know you are the prettiest thing that—"

Lizzie—"Awfully sweet of you to be so hopeful."

Anne—"Tell me are there many young folks around here. Grandfather wants to marry me off the worst way, but I don't see any prospects in sight."

Lizzie—"There were some nice boys—that is—Earl Chubb was nice. I think if I hadn't looked so freakish he might have taken me out occasionally. Mother thought he wasn't good enough for me. He was like his father and he was a fine man, an officer and educated but—."

Anne—"Well of all the half-baked romances lying around in this most unlikely of all spots—I—and I only have no matrimonial outlook—no past, present or future."—(Powders nose, uses compact.)

Lizzie—"I should think everyone would be crazy about you."

Anne—"I agree with you, but they're not. Lizzie, do you remember Bob Oldays?"

Lizzie—"I should say I do. He was the handsomest thing—and so big and strong and not afraid of anything."

Anne—"I'm always wary of handsome men. Whom did he marry?"

Lizzie—“I don’t remember the name, but she visited here once. The kind of girl you notice. Not like me—the way I’m fixed out now.”

Anne—“Oh, well, let’s forget it.—(If possible sings “Oh I wish I had died in my cradle before I had ever loved you”)—Come along to my room, I am dying to try the effect of some of my creations. I know you will look like a deb at a fashion revue.”—(go out arm in arm laughing.)

CURTAIN FALLS.

ACT THREE.

(Grandfather seated in living room, big business letter in hand. Enter Doctor.)

Doctor—“Well, Mr. Oldays. How are you standing up to this weather?”

Grandfather—“I’m perfectly well, always am. You can look somewhere else for your patients.”

Doctor—“Good.”

Grandfather—“But I tell you my patience is about exhausted. Here I have a letter stating that Anne’s fortune can be claimed by her now—taking for granted I have secured a husband for her that will look after both her and it.”—(Anne enters unseen.)

Doctor—“That shouldn’t be a difficult task, sir.”

Grandfather—“No, well that’s talking sense. I think I understand you. Nothing could make me happier. When can we have the wedding?”

Doctor—(Confused)—“Oh, I didn’t—I—I—”

Anne—“Hello everybody, sorry to interrupt a love scene, Grandfather. Surely I heard you proposing to somebody. Tell me Dr. where is the fair lady hiding?”

Dr.—(Laughs—confused)—“Oh, no. It was all a mistake, Miss Anne.”

Grandfather—“It was no mistake, young lady. I was accepting a match for you.”

Anne—(Loud)—“Accepting who—. Well of all the—.”

Dr.—“Please let me explain.”

Grandfather—“Silence, sir—I will explain. This letter states Anne, that you are to come into your fortune providing you marry a good man whom I can approve and recommend.”

Anne—“Yes—and so—”

Dr.—“Please don’t, Mr. Oldays—I—”

Grandfather—“So I have chosen this man—for whom I have the greatest respect. You have known him 6 months now.”

Dr.—“Do let me explain, sir.”

Anne—“Well of all things. I congratulate you upon your choice, Grandfather. And did the fair one blushingly accept the—the proposal?”

Dr.—“I—I—”

Grandfather—“He would have, only you came in.”

Anne—“Well if I were accepted, I’d have a way of coming in you see.”

Dr.—“I must ask you to allow me to speak, Mr. Oldays. You have placed your Granddaughter and myself in a most awkward position.”

Anne—“Oh, don’t worry, Dr. I haven’t the least intention of accepting Grandfather’s proposal.”

Dr.—“Thanks—that is I mean—”

Anne—“Don’t mention it. It’s nothing at all.”

Grandfather—“What do you mean? How dare you? Don’t you know my will is law in this house?”

Anne—“And I don’t care anything about you nor your will. You’re just a crabby old tyrant. You’ve wrecked the happiness of your own family, by your overbearing managing ways. Well you won’t dictate to me. You’re just an old—old flat tire.”

Grandfather—“Be quiet, woman.”

Dr.—“I hope you do not think I am a party to this.”

Anne—“I certainly do not. Your actions are not in the least misleading.”

Grandfather—“Do you mean to say you won’t obey me?”

Anne—“Haven’t the slightest intention of doing so. Dr. I will excuse you. I have a few things to say to Grandfather. Tell June you turned down his proposal.”

Dr.—"Well if you will excuse me, I—"

Anne—"Certainly—(shakes hands with him).—You had a narrow escape that time from matrimonial entanglements—but you are going out a free man—with my blessing."

Dr.—"Thanks, Anne, for being so understanding."

Anne—"Don't mention it. "Gang awa, bonnie laddie, gang awa."

Grandfather—"Now, young woman, explain yourself. Do you know you have wilfully disobeyed me—your legal guardian?"

Anne—"Sure I do—pardon my phraseology. I mean, I never had the slightest notion of carrying out your wishes."

Grandfather—"What do you think is going to become of you? I have you on my hands until I get a husband for you. I don't know where else to look."

Anne—(Laughs)—"You poor worried old thing.—(Pats him)—I don't know why you are so anxious to get rid of me."

Grandfather—"What about your money?"

Anne—"Listen now—once and for all. I have all I need now and I'm not going to marry at all—never. Now what do you think of that?"

Grandfather—"All bosh! I wouldn't trust you an arm's length."

Anne—"Tell me, Grandfather, were you in love wth your wife?"

Grandfather—"How dare you Miss? I would have you know that your Grandmother was a different type from the fluff balls of to-day."

Anne—"I am sure she was a saint or she never could have lived wth you."

Grandfather—"Eh! What'd you say?"

Anne—"Grandfather, sit down, I want to talk to you while I am waiting for Aunt Rosie. She's coming out with me."

Grandfather—"Well, I'd advise you to keep a civil tongue in your head."

Anne—"I'm not one speck afraid of you. You know you like me too, only you wouldn't let on."

Grandfather—"Go on—you bold young trig."

Anne—"I will. Well, I have seen that picture. It is your son, Bob."

Grandfather—"What's that?"

Anne—"You heard me. I like his face. Listen now. You have done your son a great injustice."

Grandfather—"I order you to be silent. You don't know what you are talking about."

Anne—"Well, I won't be silent and I know exactly what I am talking about. I'm not going to sit around and see injustice done."

Grandfather—(Angry)—"How dare you?"

Anne—"I dare do anything I think is right. You call the girls of to-day fluff balls because they don't trail their skirts and their souls in the dust."

Grandfather—"Be quiet, woman."

Anne—"We're afraid of nothing but cheap camouflage and pretense."

Grandfather—"Silence, woman."

Anne—"Listen now.—(Slowly and distinctly. Enter Rosie.—Sit down Auntie and say nothing. You turned your son out of doors because he wanted to be an aviator and then branded him as a thief without making any effort to discover the truth. Now I have proof he never touched one cent of that \$500.

Grandfather—"Eh! What is that? I'd give my life to believe that was true."

Anne—"Well it is true."

Grandfather—"Then explain where he got the money to pay for his course."

Anne—"I can tell you that too. He got it from June's Uncle Jim who didn't move his back fence on your property either."—(Aunt Rosie appears to swoon.)

Anne—"Brace up now, Aunt Rosie. I'm nearly through."

Grandfather—"Jim Edgedly gave him the money, eh? A piece of presumption. Explain what became of that \$500 then, young woman."

Anne—"I know what happened the money. It was borrowed to tide over a difficulty. It was to have been replaced that day, but it didn't materialize."

Rosie—"Oh, I'm so thankful. My nerves now will—."

Grandfather—"Keep quiet about your nerves. Thank goodness Bob never had nerves."

Anne—"You blamed your son. It was the easiest way out."

Rosie—"Clear at last. His dear name—after years of—"

Grandfather—"If I ever find out who took it I will let the law take its extreme course."

Anne—"No, I hope you won't. I want you to try and get in touch with your son. I also want your promise to not accuse anybody. I have the proofs in writing. There was no criminal intent and I might say we have to look for a new housekeeper. Mrs. Chubb's son has bought a home for her."

Grandfather—"You don't mean?"

Anne—"You are to make no inquiries and here is your money."

Grandfather—"Woman, do you think it was the money I cared about?"

Anne—"That's the right spirit, Grandfather. Well I'll give it to Mrs. Chubb."

Grandfather—"Give it where you like. But how am I to believe this fake story."

Anne—(Angry)—"Fake story! I refuse to talk to you any more. You are no man at all. What does your life count for. Be quiet Aunt Rosie. Since when have you been inside the church or helped any good cause! Didn't I have to go alone and everybody was so surprised to see an Olday in church?"—(Grandfather puts head in hands.)

Rosie—"I'm so sorry, dear. We used to go—but got out of touch—and then got the habit—I—"

Anne—"It is high time, Grandfather, that you got on good terms with your neighbors and quit being so crabby. And listen now, get this straight, I'll marry when I get good and ready and in the meantime you are to be my sole escort and show me a good time, eh, Grandfather?"

Grandfather—(Overcome)—"I—I am going out. If this story is true I will—I'll"—(Goes out.)

Rosie—"Oh, Anne. How dared you speak to father like that? I was just wilted down with terror."

Anne—"Terror, nothing. The truth is a tonic all around.—(Laughs)—Auntie, you look lovely in that dress—(Aunt Rosie dressed suitably for the times, but not extreme)—20 years younger."

Rosie—(Looks in glass)—“I’m glad. Oh, I’m so happy. Our dear Bob. But I feel—.”

Anne—“You feel fine. Throw away those crazy smelling salts. Do you know June’s Uncle is going to motor us to the lake?”

Rosie—“Oh, no, no, child. I haven’t spoken to him since—”

Anne—“Then think of the lot you’ll have to say.”—(Enter June in sports costume, tennis racquet.)

June—“Hello, is everybody sleeping here?”

Anne—“Come on in, June. We are just ready. Allow me to introduce Aunt Rosie. Isn’t she lovely?”

June—“Why, Aunt Rose, you’re a dear. How becoming? How ever did you do it, Anne?”

Rosie—“I don’t feel I can ever get used to—to so little. Are you sure I don’t look bold and unmaidenly?”—(Anne laughs.)

June—“You look a darling. Am sure Uncle Jim will agree with me. Come on, Auntie.”

Rosie—“Oh, I am afraid I shouldn’t. It wouldn’t be proper. It looks as if I was running after him.”

Anne—“Well, so you are, dear, and remember I told you if you don’t take him, I may. My case is getting desperate. I’ve got to settle on someone without delay, according to Grandfather.”—(Rosie puts her arm around Anne.)

Rosie—“Anne, dear, if—if—your heart is touched. If Mr. Edgerly has—won your affections I would not come between you.”—(all laugh.)

Anne—“Heart touched nothing. How funny you are, dear. Come along.—(Anne, the last, looks at picture)—Oh, I wish I could fly. I’m going to give Grandfather another jolt. I’m going to learn to fly.—(Sings Oh, for the wings—the wings of a dove—going out.)

(Curtain falls for five or more minutes.)

(Grandfather seated at reading lamp. Laughter, talking and confusion outside. Enter group of young people dressed in sports clothes or anything suitable. Tennis racquets, eukalalies, banjos, etc.)

Grandfather—(Gets up)—“Here, here. What’s the meaning of all this noise at this hour of the night? Some of Anne’s doings I’ll be bound.”—(Anne and Rosie head company.)

Anne—"We've come in to give you a surprise party, Grandfather. Knew you were dying to have one, eh, Aunt Rosie?"

Rosie—"Yes Father. I think it will be nice."

Grandfather—"Well, come along and enjoy yourselves. I was young once myself."

Anne—"You're young yet, Grandfather—getting younger every day."

Grandfather—"Humph! Well, well, get your duds off and play me some old tunes."

Rosie—"Will the ladies go up to the spare room and lay off their things—and arrange their hair."

June—"No thanks, Aunt Rosie."—(Throw hats in corner and on chairs and use compacts. Rosie goes out.)

Anne—"Now we're going to give you the treat of your life, Grandfather."

Grandfather—"What have you done to your Aunt."

Anne—"Just shortened her, Grandfather. She's really quite old enough. Doesn't she look nice?"

Grandfather—"Well, I hope you've stiffened up her spinal column."—(Lizzie goes up, bejewelled, prettily dressed.)

Lizzie—"Do you know me, Mr. Oldays?"

Grandfather—"Are you Abigail Steele's girl. I guess your mother took my advice."

Lizzie—"Was it you who told her to get some different clothes? How did you ever do it? Oh, I'm so thankful to you and Anne was so good to me. What a dear she is. She has such a way with her."

Grandfather—"She has a way with her. I agree with you."—(Rosie comes in.)

June—"Let us begin. Uncle Jim rather thinks I should be in by eleven. However, he has something else to think about now, eh, Aunt Rosie?"

Rosie—"Hush, child."—(Confused. Puts face behind fan.)

Dr.—(To June)—"Well, I hope he'll keep thinking of it. Perhaps we can take the Park Road home then, it is longer."

Anne—"Say one of you boys take this performance in hand."

(This part should be under the direction of some one who has no other responsibility and can practice choruses and have ready impromptu programme and lights low. "Carolina Moon," eukalallis and piano and vocal combination. Any favourites, old and new can be given.)

(At close, all excitement and fun.)—Remarks: "No idea it was so late," "Lovely time," "No, won't wait for coffee this time."—Good-byes and exit with Rosie.)

Anne—(Puts hand on Grandfather's shoulder)—"Well, Grandfather, how did you like that? I suppose it's quite a while since you had a party?"

Grandfather—“Yes, it is. Now, I'm going to be honest. I liked it.”

Anne—(Laughs)—“Good. Well you're a real old sport at heart. I rather suspected it.”

Grandfather—“Sit down, young woman. Now I want some information. Who told you that fantastic tale about one who brought disgrace on this house?”

Anne—“No one brought disgrace and I will never tell you where I got the proof, but it is true. I will have no more to say to you. Goodnight.”—(Goes out head held high.)

Grandfather—“Here, come back. A spit-fire if ever there was one. If I could only believe it.”—(Head in hands, silence. Tip-toes over and turns picture. Looks steadily. Anne comes in, not noticed.)

Grandfather—“Could it be possible I have misjudged my own son?”

Anne—(Loud)—“Yes, you have. Excuse me, I forgot my purse. Good night.”

Grandfather—(Looks amazed)—“I wish I could lose that girl. No I don't. If her story is true I promise to spend the rest of my days differently. But she's such a hair-trig tempered little contraption.”—(Goes out.)

(Curtain falls. Later: Shaded lights burning in exit at back of stage with curtains apparently a window which could be entered. Enter Anne dressed in pretty white dress wearing a bright coolie coat or negligee over it. Restless, looks out of window, etc.)

Anne—“I might as well come down and read. I can't sleep strange to say.—(Looks for book and sits down by shaded light)—I do believe I'm growing nerves like Aunt Rosie. Maybe it runs in the family. I'll have to get over that if I'm going to join

the flying club. Poor old Grandfather. I hate to have to go at him hammer and tongs. But it's the only way."—(Goes over and lifts curtain. Comes back.)—

Anne—"What a dark night and I was sure I heard an aeroplane to-day. They never come here they say. I guess it's nerves. I'll soon be ready for Aunt Rosie's smelling salts."

Anne—"I think I'll take another peep at the pilot brave, with his face to the wall. Perhaps a glance at my step-uncle—no blood relationship—will brace me up or lull me to sleep. I imagine I hear something."—(Starts for picture. Looks at it. A noise, padded step, creaking window.)

Anne—"I do hear something. There is someone trying to get in." —(louder noise at window. Curtain separates and a young man in aviator's outfit climbs in. They stand facing one another.)

Anne—"Just walk right in. Was just ready to receive callers, but hardly expected the heavens to open up."

Bob—"I say, "who are you?"

Anne—"I'm Anne Elizabeth Burns, step-granddaughter of the man that owns this place."

Bob—"Strong family resemblance."

Anne—"Now could I trouble you for your name? and just what pressing business brought you at such an unseemly hour? By the way the family silver is in the strong box in the dining-room and my purse is flat."

Bob—(Laughs)—"I say, I'll have you arrested for aiding and abetting in a case of theft."

Anne—"Say I wish you would take off those goggles. You may be an honest man for all I know. Appearances are against you though."

Bob—(Laughs)—"I'll say they are."

Anne—"It's refreshing to see a burglar laugh. I never imagined they had a sense of humour."

Bob—"Say, I'm awfully sorry about this. I've had a forced landing. I'll take off my goggles if you'll get me something to eat. See if Chubbie has any pies lying round in the pantry? Hurry up."—(Takes off glasses.)

Anne—"Chubbie, eh! You seem to know your way around."—(Stares awhile.)

Anne—"You are very welcome, Step-Uncle Bob. Won't you shake hands. I am delighted you called."

Bob—"Well, I'm in for it. May as well make a clean breast of it. You've guessed right. I don't know about the step-uncle although I'm willing to be related and don't you forget it. I was flying and had to make a forced landing in a pasture about five miles out. I got a shock to find I was so near the old home. I couldn't resist a look at the old joint, so left the old woman out there and got a lift in. I was going to pinch a pie."

Anne—"Did you leave your—the lady alone?"

Bob—"Sure. She's safe. I don't take her along when I'm making informal calls."

Anne—"I suppose not. Well, I'm glad to see you."

Bob—"Good, that's the right kind of talk. I'm pleased to be here. How's Dad? Some day when I'm not with the old woman I'll drop in and renew old acquaintances. Hope he's cooled off by this time."

Anne—"Might be cooler. Say, you look done. Sit down. I'll get the pie."

Bob—"Well make it snappy, grand step niece. The pies were kept —say don't go, I'm all in."

Anne—"I'll get you a drink."

Bob—"No, I have to have my hand held."

Anne—"Here, you can hold Aunt Rosie's salts instead. Take a whiff."

Bob—"No, nothing helps me when I feel this faintness coming, but having my hand held."—(Catches her hand.)

Anne—"Well, go and get your old woman as you call her to hold your hand. I'll get your pie." (Anne goes out.)

Bob—(Laughs)—"Say that's a great joke. I'll keep it up. She's got some snap to her. Good looker, too. Make a fine wife for a working man." Hello! What's the idea?—(Looks at picture) —New style of hanging pictures, eh! I don't think."—(Anne brings pie and milk.)

Anne—"Now, drink, pretty creature, drink, and keep quiet. Grandfather hears double at night."—(Bob laughs.)

Bob—"I'll say he does. Say, this'll put pep into my manly bosom."

Anne—"What about your old woman as you call her. Has she had her supper, or—"

Bob—"Not yet, but I'll fill her up—give her a good breakfast before we take off."

Anne—"That's real nice of you. Do you always take her with you?"

Bob—"Always. Couldn't move an inch without her. Got her under perfect control."

Anne—"You certainly are devoted."

Bob—"Nearly lost her this trip. Got her nose smashed up. I'll get it patched up though. She looks good to me."

Anne—"Naturally. Say, step uncle Bob, let me go out and meet her in the morning and—I'm just crazy to go up. Will you take me?"

Bob—"Sure I will. You won't be scared. She took a nose dive and ploughed up old Brown's pasture field to-night. Neat job, alright."

Anne—"Do you mean? Not your plane. How ridiculous."—(Both laugh.)

Bob—"I travel light, no encumbrances."

Anne—"But where is your wife?"

Bob—"I don't know, do you?"

Anne—"How should I know?"

Bob—"Well, you've put her on the map. What does she look like?"

Anne—"Well, if you don't know, I'm sure I don't."

Bob—"I fancy she might resemble my step niece. I'll tell you later. How's poor Rosie?"

Anne—"Aunt Rosie is rejuvenated and has made it up with her old beau."

Bob—"Ye winds, you don't say? How did you work it?"

Anne—"I didn't work it. I take nothing to do with other people's love affairs."

Bob—"What about your own?"

Anne—"I haven't any."

Bob—"That's good news."

Anne—"Not so good according to Grandfather. He's under obligation to marry me as soon as possible to some respectable young man."

Bob—"Well, I'm respectable."

Anne—"Appearances are against you. Besides I understand you are married."

Bob—"Not on your life."

Anne—"Mrs. Chubb said—"

Bob—"She didn't know her onions. Pardon, I mean she was misinformed. Look here, little girl. Don't let Dad put it over on you. He'll marry you hands down to the first man his fancy falls on."

Anne—"No he won't, Uncle—Uncle Robert."

Bob—"Uncle nothing."

Anne—"I told him I wouldn't marry any one."

Bob—"That's the right line. But you hadn't met all your relatives then. Say I must hop off."

Anne—"Oh, I wish I were going too."

Bob—"Say, this is sudden."

Anne—"If you only knew how I want to fly."

Bob—"You do, eh! Well my old woman and I'll hang out around Bab's Corners. If you can get out there. Sure you won't swoon?"

Anne—(Excited)—"Oh, I can't wait. Oh, thank you so much. You're the most adorable of step uncles."—(Dances around, optional.)

Bob—"Look here. Get this plain. I'm no relation—not at present."

Anne—"Oh, I don't care what you are as long as you take me up. Now go quick. I hear someone moving. Hurry."

Bob—"Tomorrow at 3."

Anne—I'll be there, Uncle. Go quick.—(Silence.)

Anne—"I'm going—going up at last. Isn't it wonderful. I'm not a bit scared. I'd go with him anywhere—that is—(Listens)—I hear some one."—(Turns out light and runs.)

(Curtain Lowers—Soft music, 5 minutes.)

(Grandfather and Rosie seated—reading.)

Grandfather—“Where’s Anne?”

Rosie—“She said she was going out, but would be back by 6.”

Grandfather—“Well, it’s six now. You should keep an eye on her. Since you’ve made up with Jim you’re spending all your time mooning around. She’s out, every day.”

Rosie—“I’ll go and look for her.”—(Grandfather reads. Enter Dr.)

Grandfather—“Sit down, sir. Sit down.”

Dr.—“I’m sorry, Mr. Oldays, but I am not bringing good news.”

Grandfather—“What’s wrong. It’s not Anne?”

Dr.—“Not seriously hurt we hope. I was phoned to be here when they come.”

Grandfather—“They? Who do you mean?”

Dr.—“She went up in a plane with a pilot. I don’t know his name.”
(Confusion outside. Enter Bob supporting Anne. Anne protesting nothing wrong.)

Grandfather—(Loud and excited)—“What’s the meaning of this? What have you done to my child?”

Anne—“It’s—it’s alright, Grandfather. See what I brought home.”
(Bob takes off glasses.)

Bob—“It’s me, dad. I’m to blame.”

Anne—“He is not to blame. I begged to go every time. This time we struck—an—air—we struck.”

Bob—“Keep quiet, Anne. Take this dope the Doctor has ready. I will explain. You don’t seem overjoyed to see me dad. I wouldn’t have intruded only—”

Grandfather—“Keep quiet, sir. Who said you were not welcome in your own father’s house. Shake hands and behave yourself from now on.”

Bob—“I’ll do my best, Dad—but can’t promise.”

Grandfather—“But remember it won’t be well for you if you’ve hurt a hair of that child’s head.”

Anne—(Sits up)—“He hasn’t, Grandfather.”

Dr.—“She’s fine. Only just a little shake up.”

Grandfather—"Didn't I tell you. You couldn't put any faith in those contraptions."

Bob—"Just struck an air pocket, Dad. Coudn't make our usual feather bed landing."

Grandfather—"Well, after this leave this young woman at home. She's just the kind to risk her head. I wish I could find a good husband to tame her—"

Anne—"Don't worry any more, Grandfather. I've found him—I'm tamed."

Grandfather—"You have, eh! Well, I've something to say."

Anne—"Better say yes quick. We won't care anyway, will we Bob?"

Grandfather—"Robert—is it my son, Robert?"

Bob—"I'm the lucky man, Dad. Congratulate me."

Anne—"Didn't I tell you I'd find my own husband."

Grandfather—"You told me you weren't going to have any."

Anne—"Fancy me saying that. Of course I hadn't met Bob then."

Dr.—(Comes in)—"Well I think my professional duties can be dispensed with, eh, Bob?"

Bob—"Sure, Lockie. Go out and play. Remember it is not always June."

Dr.—"Yes, folks, it's always June for me."

Anne—"Oh, I'm so glad. What a lovely time we are having. I'm cured—I must go and find her."

Bob—"Right as usual, Anne."

Grandfather—(Goes up to Dr.)—"Sir, I want to congratulate you. You have won a very fine young lady. As for Robert here, I want to say that I have done him a great injustice—a greater injustice than he knows of. I want to ask forgiveness."—(Holds out hand.)

Bob—"Sure, Dad, on condition only that you're to take an air spin with me."

Grandfather—"Fond of your own way as usual, I see. Well, Anne will take it out of you. We're all as weak as spilled milk since she took us in hand. Turn that picture, Dr."

Bob—"That's good. Fine, right about face. Where's Rosie? I'd better go and prepare her so she won't make a scene—though

Jim Edgerly has done more for her nerves than all your dosing."

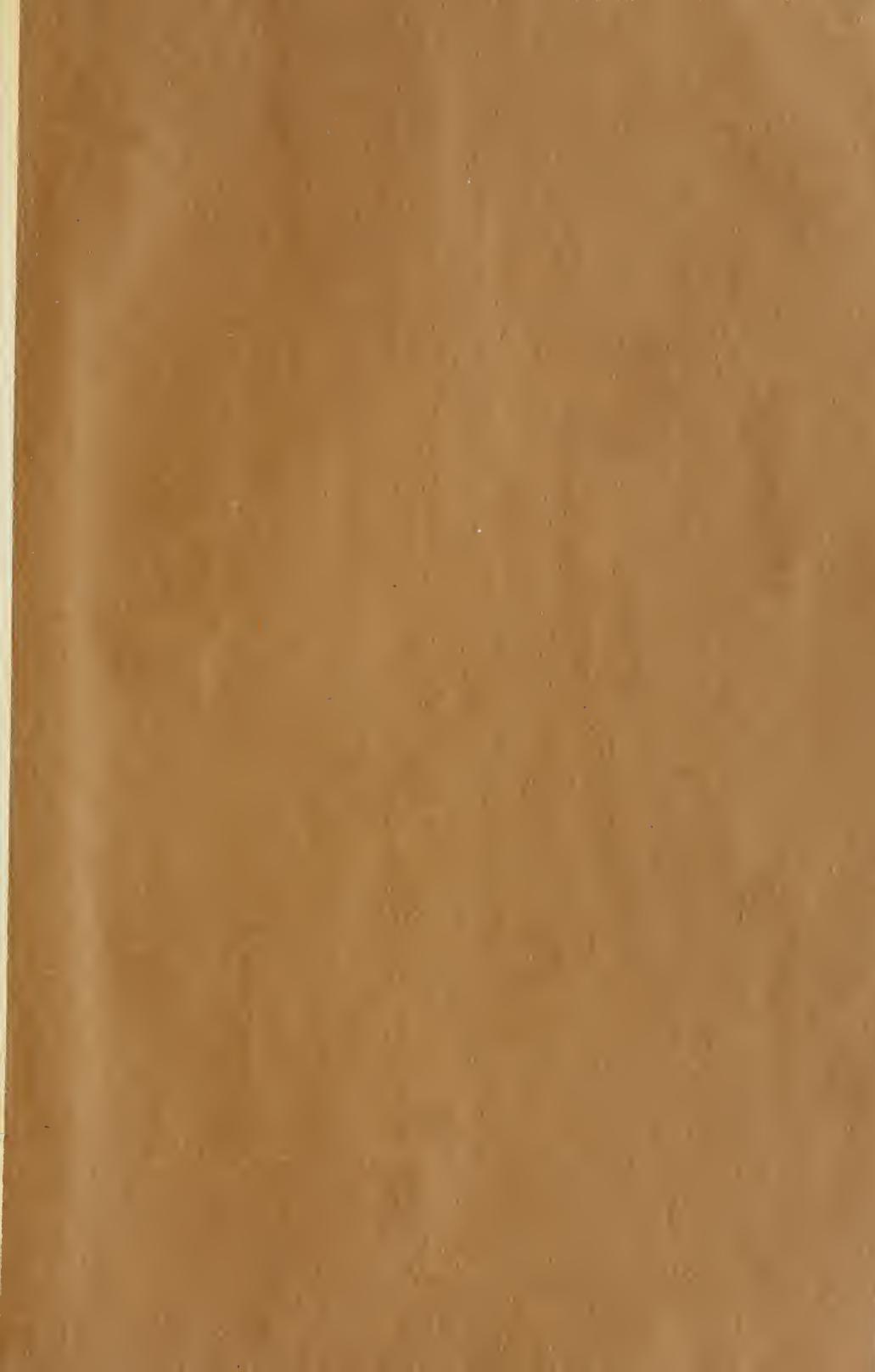
Dr.—“Great cure, sir. We’re all taking it. I feel a new man already.”

CURTAIN DROPS.

CLOSING TABLEUX.

(Optional, but very effective—Grandfather seated. The different couples in bridal outfits, white dresses, lace curtains, etc., carrying flowers—stand in couples around him. Bob and Anne, Dr. and June, Rosie and Jim, Lizzie and Earl Chubb—they stand as Lohengren’s Wedding March is played.)

CLOSE.



PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

PS Anderson, Clara Rothwell
8501 Marrying Anne?
N442M3

